An Unfortunately Placed Tree

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/26816095.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Car Accidents, Hospitals, Serious Injuries, Hospitalization, One Shot, Will Graham Has Encephalitis, Broken Bones, Fluff
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Hannigram One Shots
Stats:	Published: 2020-10-04 Words: 2,107 Chapters: 1/1

An Unfortunately Placed Tree

by Redlineriot

Summary

After not remembering how he ended up an hour away from home, Will Graham swerves off the road. While he avoided a collision with another car, he didn't manage to avoid a collision with a tree.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

If you asked Will Graham why he was driving his car at three in the morning, he wouldn't be able to tell you. If you asked him why he was an hour away from Wolftrap, Virginia he would tell you he didn't know. If you asked Will Graham how he got his vehicle wrapped around a tree, he would tell you that he can't remember.

Everything was a blur- or well, blur was the wrong word to use. If it had been a blur Will would have remembered getting into his car and driving away, even if the memory was vague. Instead, he could only remember snippets. Little bits of light that managed to make it through the dark.

One moment he had shut his eyes and had fallen asleep and then the next he was awake and behind the steering wheel. He had recognized his surroundings almost immediately after he managed to shake off the sense of confusion. He wasn't too far from home- just down the road from his house. If he turned around now he still might be able to convince himself that it was a bad dream.

Will can't remember if he turned around or not because the next time he opened his eyes he was somewhere he didn't recognize. The first thing he did when he woke up was slam on the brakes, letting his car come to stop. He was dazed, to say the least. Will looked around in the dark from behind his smudged car windows and couldn't find a single street sign. The road was as dark as the night sky that blended in with the tsunami of trees overlooking the car.

He had originally closed his eyes to clear his head for a moment, just a moment. But when he opened them his senses were overloaded with bright lights and blaring horns. He grabbed the wheel and yanked, not sure which direction he was going, and slid off the road in a motion he immediately regretted.

The car went right through the metal barrier- Will guesses he must have been going much faster than the speed limit instructed. The crunching and scraping of metal on metal was not a pleasant sound, but it was soon forgotten as his car slammed and wrapped around an unfortunately placed tree.

Everything happened in a split second. The car came to a sudden halt, metal warping and crunching as energy struck through the small vehicle. The windshield shattered and Will slammed forward, getting knocked unconscious despite the large airbag that had been deployed.

When Will woke up, he was looking up at a set of blinding lights on a pristine white ceiling. He was surrounded by muffled voices and blurred movements. There were people around him for sure, he just couldn't tell what they looked like. They were just smears of blue and white.

He could hear the sirens and feel the curve of the road underneath him- he was in an ambulance. He didn't know who had called 911. Maybe it had been that other driver who had honked at him.

Will's first instinct was to move; he tried to turn his head or lift his hands but he found himself unable to do so. Whether it was lack of energy or physical restraints, though, he couldn't tell. His eyes shifted from side to side and as ragged breaths rattled through his chest, the only thing he could focus on was the white pain flooding his body.

Everything hurt. Everything hurt *so much.*

Will realized someone was trying to talk to him. He strained to concentrate on their voice, trying to figure out what they were saying. Will thinks he was being asked a question. His eyelids felt heavy as he watched the paramedic's mouth move and make inaudible sounds. Without trying to hear their words any longer, he let himself fall back into the void of unconsciousness.

When his eyes fluttered open, Will knew it was different. It wasn't like the other times when everything came rushing towards him and he was in the middle of the road with no recollection of how he got there. It was a slow wake this time, as it should be. He looked down at his leg, sticking out from under the pale blue blanket. It was wrapped tightly in thick white bandages and he was sure he was going to have to get a proper cast later down the line.

He let out a soft groan and turned his head to the side, tugging on the nasal tubes that had been wrapped around his head.

It was no surprise that he was in the hospital. The room was filled with the steady beat of an EKG machine and Will watched as the green line rose and fell on the screen. He was alive. He turned his head the other way and laid his eyes upon something that made him freeze up.

Slouched over in a chair, dressed in something as casual as slacks and a plain t-shirt, was Hannibal Lecter fast asleep. What was he doing here? How long had he been waiting? How did he find out about the crash?

Will, trying to keep his composure, looked back up at the ceiling and drew in a deep breath. His lungs burned, but he didn't mind. It was a lot easier to breathe now than it had been when he was in the ambulance. He wanted to try and sit up, but instead, he focused on the curtains covering the window. There was a small sliver of light coming through meaning it must be sometime in the morning. Will had no clue how long he had been out.

A quiet sigh from the other side of the room made Will turn over again. Hannibal was running his hands through his hair and rubbing his eyes. He didn't even notice Will at first.

"Will," Hannibal breathed out when he realized that Will had made his way back to the land of the living.

Will couldn't do much except offer a smile.

"How are you?" Hannibal scooted his chair as close as he could to Will's bedside.

"Okay," Will croaked, his throat raw and sore. "Why're you here?"

Hannibal looked almost offended by the question. He straightened his posture and pulled his hands tightly into his lap. “Did you expect me to just leave you here on your own and continue my day without knowing if you had made it out of your surgery?”

Will gave a weak shrug. He raised his hand to push a thick curl out of his face, his fingers scraping against a bandage plastered across his nose.

“Who told you?” Will asked. He was curious as to how Hannibal found out and why he was the one to come and visit. Not that Will had a plethora of friends to begin with.

Hannibal crossed his legs and Will took note of the sneakers he was wearing, which were much different than his usual choice of dress shoes.

“I was woken by a call from Jack Crawford at around 4 am. He told me that you had been pulled from the wreckage of a rather nasty crash and that you were undergoing surgery. It seems that one of the nurses managed to ID you based on the fact that she is an avid reader of Tattlecrime and because you didn’t have your license or ID. From there on they managed to get in touch with the FBI and explain the situation,” Hannibal explained, his eyes drifting around the room. “It seems you have no emergency contact listed on your records.”

“Why’d Jack call you?” The words came out much harsher than Will had intended them to, but he couldn’t change that now.

“He thought I would want to come to check on you.”

“And did you?” Will asked, “Did you *want* to check on me or did he tell you to? Because it seems that Jack just wanted to play his cards right so he didn’t have to come see me himself.”

“I assure you, William, that I came completely on my own accord.”

Will had hated his full name since he was a child. He made sure that everyone knew to call him *Will*, not William. Yet when the name tumbled from Hannibal’s thin lips, Will didn’t feel aggravated at all. He felt content and seen.

Silence took over the room again and Will could hear all of the commotion going on outside his hospital room. There were heavy footsteps and voices muffled by the door. He could hear the squeaking of medical carts as they rolled by and he could hear phones ringing, ringing from every direction with all different purposes.

Will was already partially sitting up due to the angle of the hospital bed, but he disliked the feeling of entrapment. He proceeded to sit up further, biting his lip as a new wave of pain rushed through his body.

“You have quite the collection of injuries,” Hannibal hummed.

Will hadn’t even heard him get up from his chair. He was hovering over a small countertop in the corner of the room, gingerly holding a clipboard. He flipped through the pages, reading the writing and notes that probably only made sense to very few people.

“Is that so, *Dr.* Lecter?” Will questioned. His snarky mention of Hannibal’s title earned him a small smile.

“Broken nose, fractured talus, broken fibula, probable concussion, bruising on true ribs 4, 5, and 7,” Hannibal rattled off, his eyes scanning over the pages on the clipboard.

Will was sure there was more but Hannibal had stopped talking, so he didn’t press for more. He was sure he would hear about it whenever the doctor decided to come in. Will looked down and studied his hands, one of which was home to an IV tube. He had purple and black bruising all over his wrists and up his arms, and he was sure he had bruising in places he hadn’t even looked yet.

“I would advise you to get as much rest as possible before the hospital staff come in to poke and prod you,” Hannibal laid the clipboard back down and he approached the side of Will’s bed.

Will fell back onto the pillows, grunting with pain as he did so. He let out a heavy sigh and shook his head, followed by a light chuckle.

Hannibal cocked his head and looked at Will, asking a question without even having to open his mouth.

“Nothing,” Will said in response to why he had laughed. “It’s just… *you.* Being here. Acting like you were worried. It’s a very good front, I must admit.”

Hannibal looked taken aback. “I already told you, Will. I came to check on you because I wanted to- I was curious as to what had happened.”

“Either Jack has sent you to analyze me some more or you being curious is just another way of saying that you were actually worried,” Will knew his head wasn’t in the best condition since the crash but he could think clearly enough to know that Hannibal doesn’t worry for people.

“I’ll leave that interpretation up to you,” Hannibal said with a pained smile.

Will wanted to fight off the sleep for he had been dipping in and out of consciousness too many times that day, but he just couldn’t stop his drooping eyelids. He turned his head to the side and felt his hair fall into his face, not bothering to push it back.

Hannibal had taken a seat back in his chair and leaned over, brushing the hair out of Will’s face and letting his fingers hover over his bruised cheeks. Will didn’t quite know why, but he was soon leaning into Hannibal’s hands, perfectly okay with the sudden intimacy.

Will closed his eyes and felt a pair of lips being pressed against his forehead. In any other situation, he would have jumped back and pushed the other away. But right now, in the setting of the hospital, Will was more than happy to receive the affection he so often missed out on in daily life. In fact, he found himself missing the warm feeling that had shot through his veins when Hannibal pulled away, letting Will’s body fall cold once more.

Hannibal’s thumb traced over Will’s jawline, the side of his face fitting perfectly into the palm of Hannibal’s hand as if the two parts were meant to be together. Like two puzzle pieces from different pictures, somehow coming together to create something entirely new and refreshing, but no less beautiful.

End Notes

I hope you enjoyed! If you find any grammatical errors be sure to let me know please!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!